THE

SIEGE

OF

QUEBEC.

Hîc manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera paſſi.

—— Cadit & Ripheus juſtiſſimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris, & ſervantiſſimus æqui.

VIRGIL.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

AS ſeveral Poems of Merit have already appeared on this Subject, ſome Apology may be expected for the Publication of this. It was the Opinion of the Author, that ſome of thoſe before publiſhed, touched rather too ſlightly on the Subject, and others either dwelt too long on unintereſting Particulars, or contained rather too much foreign Matter. There ſeemed, therefore, to remain a middle Courſe, the which he has endeavoured to ſteer; but with what Degree of Succeſs, he ſubmits to the Judgment and Candor of the impartial Public: hoping that even the Merit of the mere Attempt to celebrate ſo great an Action, and ſo brave and good a Hero as the late much-lamented General WOLF, and many others, the ſtill ſurviving Ornaments of their Country, will in ſome Meaſure atone for the very great Defects, which, he is conſcious, will be found in the Execution. The Deviation from Hiſtory, where the Commanders in Chief are buried at QUEBEC, he hopes, will be pardoned; as it afforded him an Opportunity of dwelling longer on the ſtriking Incidents of their Deaths, and of diſplaying the Humanity of the Engliſh, for which they have ever been as eminently diſtinguiſhed, as for their Valor.

THE

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OF

QUEBEC.

DESCEND, Apollo, and ye tuneful Nine,
To aid a youthful bard your influence join;
Oh fill his panting breaſt with ſacred fire,
And teach his artleſs hand to ſweep the lyre!
Whether to ſpring Pierian ye reſort,
Or on Parnaſſus' ſummit hold your court;
If o'er Aonia's hills ye ſportive ſtray,
Or round the Heliconian fountain play;

Whether in myſtic maze ye graceful move,
Or chaunt in ſtrains divine the praiſe of Jove;
Where'er ye haunt, howe'er employ'd, deſcend,
And deign my flight advent'rous to attend!
For ne'er aſpir'd the infant bard before,
Up dread Parnaſſus' lofty height to ſoar;
But at the foot has rarely cull'd a flow'r,
Or cropt a ſhrub, to deck his fair one's bow'r;
Nor yet aſſay'd above the plain to riſe,
Nor ſought for home ſecure, uncertain ſkies;
But modeſtly content, in ruſtic ſtrains,
Has ſung the loves of ſimple nymphs and ſwains:—
Now fir'd in tracing the hiſtoric page,
Where ſieges dire, and dreadful battles rage;
Where grim death ſtalks in ev'ry frightful form,
And mortal heroes more than men perform;
Glowing to give ſuch daring deeds to fame,
And cloath the heroes with a deathleſs name;
He quits the flow'ry mead, and fertile field,
For frozen climes, which iron harveſts yield;
Forſakes his native lawns, and peaceful plains,
For trackleſs wilds, where barbarous diſcord reigns;

Foregoes

Foregoes the ſeats of harmony and love,
For ſcenes where yells infernal fright the grove;
Inflam'd with thirſt of glory flies his home,
And dares in hoſtile, ſavage climes, to roam.
Thus on the lofty cliffs Jove's bird is ſeen,
Awhile his callow, feeble limbs to ſcreen;
But ſoon as plumage arms his nervous wings,
Diſdaining home, on air's ſoft boſom ſprings;
To diſtant regions darts his rapid courſe,
Fearleſs of adverſe ſtorms, or hoſtile force;
Then t'ward the ſun directs his daring flight,
And ſoars beyond the reach of human ſight!
But if too ſoon he tempt the airy plain,
Flutters his unfledg'd, feeble wings in vain,
Daſh'd from on high to earth meets inſtant death,
Or in the water's vaſt expanſe, reſigns his breath.
Leſt thus I fall, in vain attempt to ſoar,
Your aid, ye heav'n-born ſiſters, I implore!
So to Parnaſſus' height my flight I'll raiſe,
And, as the theme, ſublime ſhall be my lays.

When

When France, thro' fatal thirſt of boundleſs ſway,
Where'er Britannia's fair dominions lay,
By baſe incurſions, and encroachments vile,
Rous'd the vindictive genius of her iſle;
She graſpt the ſpear, and hurl'd the brand of war,
Fell furies ſpread the conflagration far,
Surrounding nations caught the direful rage,
And deeds of death full half the world engage.
Obdurate Gaul, tho' vanquiſh'd in the field,
Thro' curs'd ambition, knew not yet to yield:
Britain, tho' victreſs, view'd with tearful eyes
War's carnage, and its countleſs miſeries!
Long ſigh'd for peace; but ſadly ſaw the way
To peace, thro' further ſtreams of purple lay;
While ſtrong Quebec acknowledg'd Louis lord,
To peace the haughty Gaul would ne'er accord.
Quebec! the bulwark of a ſpacious part,
The ſeat of empire, and the nation's mart;
The womb engend'ring war, foul rapine's den,
Of cruelty the nurſe, where barb'rous men,
The Indian ſavage, and a murd'rous crew,
From vengeance long deſerv'd, for refuge flew!—

Britannia,

Britannia wills to wreſt it from his hand,
That ſhe the wiſh'd-for olive might command.

But who this mighty conqueſt ſhould atchieve?
Who ſhould an empire win, and realms relieve?
What train of choſen heroes ſhould ſhe name?
For matchleſs labors, and immortal fame?
On Wolf ſhe caſt her ſage ſelecting eye,
Who in tranſcendent virtues ſtood as high
Above his fellows, as erſt did goodly Saul
In ſtature, whom, by heaven's immediate call,
The holy prophet Iſrael's chieftain nam'd,
And for the Lord's anointed king proclaim'd. —
In eminence next riſe to meet her view,
Brave Monckton, Townſend, Murray, choſen few;
To thoſe renown'd for great exploits at land,
She gladly delegates the chief command;
Aſſociating a like illuſtrious train,
Great Saunders, Holmes, Durell, to rule the main:
With other aids appointed there to join,
To execute this arduous, vaſt deſign.

The troops embark'd, the fleet at ſea behold,
Encount'ring ſtorms, and life-benumbing cold!
In vain they ſtrive Laurentia's ſtream to gain,
Which winter's icy bonds as yet detain;
To iſles and mountains waters here congeal,
And ocean's boſom wounds the feeble keel!
Forc'd to deſiſt, they ſeek ſome ſafe retreat;
Lo, Hallifax receives the baffled fleet;
Where ſafe arriv'd, the troops with ardor burn,
And chide the long-wiſh'd Zephyr's ſlow return.
At length keen warping Boreas lull'd to ſleep,
With lenient hands they free th'impriſon'd deep;
With tepid breath reſolve the gelid iſles,
And liquify the mountains with their ſmiles!—

Again th'impatient ſeamen ſpread the ſail,
The ſwelling ſheets proclaim the proſp'rous gale;
Before the wind th'exulting veſſels ride,
The crooked keels the yielding waves divide;
Thro' toils and dangers great their courſe purſue,
Till Orlean's ~~welcome~~ iſle emerges to their view;
Which in the river's centre juſtly ſtands,
And equally the parted ſtream commands.

The

The fleet is moor'd, the joyful troops deſcend,
Their tents they fix, and ev'ry paſs defend.
Day from the world with haſty ſteps recedes,
With haſty ſteps the gloomy night ſucceeds:
A night, ſince order from old chaos roſe,
Not Troy's deſtruction, nor fam'd Egypt's woes,
With darkneſs palpable, a blacker ſhows!
The boiſt'rous winds conflicting dreadful roar,
The foming ſurges laſh the groaning ſhore;
Thro' ſulph'rous clouds the forked light'nings flaſh,
From rock to rock, in purple angles daſh;
The torrents rage, tremendous thunders roll,
And ſtrike with wild diſmay the human ſoul:
The rocks are rent, the knotted oaks uptorn,
And down the raging ſtream impetuous borne;
Th'embattl'd towers nod, the mountains quake,
And earth from her foundations ſeems to ſhake;
Yet Thetis to her ſhips her aid extends,
And from the rage of Æolus defends:
Some barks unheeded can't the ſtorm ſuſtain,
But float in ſcatter'd fragments to the main.

The tempeſt paſt, ſee Lucifer appear,
With face ſcintillant telling day is near!
The murky clouds, by ſlow degrees, refine,
Thro' which a dubious light begins to ſhine;
The watchful leaders mark the ſtreaking ray,
And far as light permits, the coaſts ſurvey.
Anon the roſy-bluſhing morn behold!
(Tinging the pine-clad mountain's top with gold)
To ſight unfolding what dull night conceal'd,
Quebec's amazing fortreſs ſtands reveal'd!
They view its matchleſs ſtrength with wond'ring eyes,
See death-fraught tubes in triple order riſe,
Which range from range, the rugged rocks divide,
Whoſe ſteep aſcent all wiſh'd-approach deny'd!
Here art in ſtrength with nature ſeem'd to vie,
And proudly all the force of war defy.
The lofty citadel above them ſtands,
Which eaſily the mighty whole commands;
Surmounting all the tow'ring ſtandard flies,
Whoſe top appears to touch the neighb'ring ſkies!
The fort full mann'd, with ev'ry ſtore ſupply'd,
Ramſay, the brave, protects on ev'ry ſide.

Along

Along the ſhores the threat'ning forts are ſpread,
To ſtrike th'approaching bold aſſailant dead;
Defended ſquadrons line the ſandy beach,
And to the ſpacious harbour's entrance reach,
Whoſe narrow mouth from hoſtile prows they ward,
And with well-planted batteries ſafely guard;
Entrenched legions fill th'adjacent plain,
And poſts impregnable the foe ſuſtain;
Of valour prov'd, well-diſciplin'd in war,
Exceeding Albion's ſons in number far;
The trackleſs woods with ſavages are fill'd,
Whoſe hands to dart unerring death are ſkill'd;
From Charles's ſtream extend o'er Beauport's coaſts,
To Montmorency's falls, the num'rous hoſts;
Montcalm, the noble, at their head is plac'd,
Whom fame with ev'ry martial virtue grac'd;
Next Jordeneau and Bougainville appear,
For valiant deeds in arms by France held dear.

The Britiſh leader ev'ry part explores,
With eye ſagacious marks the neighb'ring ſhores;

Where obſtacles on obſtacles appear,
At once exciting wonder and deſpair!
Yet thirſt of glory fires his manly heart,
And native courage glows in ev'ry part:
True courage, which no dangers can diſmay,
Nor force ſuppreſs its fierce, impetuous way,
But like the torrent of a raging flood,
By ſome inſuperable mound withſtood,
Enchaf'd by that reſiſtance, changes courſe,
And rolls tremendous with redoubled force!
Such courage now the valiant hero fires,
And to attempt the arduous talk inſpires.
With dubious mind long he the means revolves—
At length to win Point Levy's fort reſolves;
Whoſe ſtrength the valiant Monckton ſoon brings down,
And with th'inverted thunder ſtrikes the town;
The ſummon'd gov'nor to ſuccumb denies,
And ſeems the few beſiegers to deſpiſe;
Who bravely all attempts in vain renew,
This great, this mighty bulwark to ſubdue.

'Twere

'Twere tedious to relate what arts they try'd,
How the beſieg'd thoſe various arts defy'd;
How Chambaud's magazines by flames declare,
Where gallant Holmes had wag'd ſucceſsful war;
How Carlton ſought to burn the ſhips in vain,
Which in the harbour ſhelter'd, ſafe remain.
To tell how Montmorency's heights beheld,
The Britiſh troops by accidents repell'd;
How precipices, woods, and ſtreams combine,
To render fruſtrate the well-plann'd deſign;
How to their tents the vanquiſh'd troops return,
And for revenge, with ſilent choler burn:
When ſable night her downy mantle ſpread,
And balmy ſleep on wearied mortals ſhed.

Nor ſilver moon, nor twinkling ſtar is ſeen,
The winds are huſh, all nature is ſerene;
In peace the placid ſtream to ocean glides,
In peace the fleet ſecure at anchor rides;
In ſleep's ſoft arms the weary'd troops remain,
And ſilent darkneſs ſeem'd alone to reign;

When

When lo! the watchful centinel deſcrys,
From out the ſtream a ſudden light ariſe,
Such as Aurora Borealis ſhows,
Or Sol from Thetis' bed but half aroſe:
Anon, with courſe impetuous haſt'ning near,
The waves all in tremendous flames appear;
Like dread Veſuvius' burning lava pours,
Which all the hapleſs vicinage devours.
Th'affrighted watch the drowſy crews alarm,
To ſave the fleet from the impending harm.
Inſtant on deck behold great Saunders ſtand,
The cables ſwift are ſlipt, the boats are mann'd;
And thus prepar'd to meet th'event of fate,
The worſt, with dauntleſs expectation wait.
The flames approach, the watchful crews diſcern,
Extended floats o'er all the ſurface burn;
With fell combuſtibles, and engines dire,
Form'd to deſtroy th'oppoſing fleet with fire:
The Britiſh ſailors, whom no fears diſmay,
Spring on the rafts, and urge them far away;
On ſhore theſe ſpend their furious rage in vain,
Whilſt joyful thoſe the well ſav'd fleet regain.

Long

Long did the chief expect the promis'd aid,
By various obſtacles too long delay'd;
Of hopes of ſuccour is at length bereft,
And ſcarce a ſhadow of ſucceſs has left;
Tumultuous paſſions in his boſom roll,
By turns, deſpair and hope poſſeſs his ſoul;
With watchings, care, and labor long oppreſt,
His drooping body languiſhes for reſt;
Diſeaſe and ſickneſs ſoon, alas! enſue,
And threat the anxious hero to ſubdue;
Grim death with brandiſh'd dart his form uprears,
But more than death he diſappointment fears;
Diſeaſe his fortitude could never move,
O'er fear of death prevails his country's love;
Death ſtands amaz'd, then down his weapon lays,
And for a while the fatal ſtroke delays!

From death repriev'd, he ſtraight a council calls,
To urge the fate of thoſe conteſted walls;
Anxiouſly doubting what had beſt be done,
To leave or proſecute the work begun.

In conſultation deep the leaders ſat,
And on the weighty matter long debate;
At length the chief reliev'd his lab'ring breaſt,
And the attentive heroes thus addreſt—

" My fellow-ſoldiers, and colleagues in war,
" Who nobly thus its toils and dangers ſhare;
" Ye ſee, and doubtleſs ſee with goading pain,
" All hopes of promis'd ſuccours now are vain;
" That fruitleſs all our efforts yet have been—
" Yet on the fort are Gallia's lillies ſeen;
" Th'importance of the place ye underſtand,
" And what our fame, our country's weal, demand;
" Your valour and deſert all praiſe exceed,
" My ready will your prompter wills precede:
" Yet as our lives are held our country's due,
" It fits, that raſhly we ſhould nought purſue;
" But for her good ſhould have eſpecial care,
" If doom'd to fall, to make the conqueſt dear.
" The ſeaſon waning, our affairs require,
" To act with vigour, or with ſpeed retire.—

" Above

" Above the town, explor'd by my command,
" Is found a ſtrait defile within the land,
" Which almoſt hid by woods and rocks remains,
" Yet by degrees the lofty ſummit gains:
" This ſecret paſs, which nature thus has barr'd,
" The enemy ſecure, but ſlightly guard.
" I counſel, therefore, under maſk of night,
" That there we try to land, and gain the height;
" From whence we may with eaſe the town aſſail,
" Or lure th'intrenched foe to tempt the vale;
" Whom, if to quit their holds, we can enrage,
" We may on terms leſs deſp'rate there engage.
" Th'attempt were glorious, the iſſue great,
" And will at once decide our dubious fate!
" If conquerors, we laſting honors gain,
" If vanquiſh'd, be with equal honors ſlain;
" Shall ſeal our faithful ſervice with our blood,
" And dye in glory for our country's good!—

He ceas'd.——The chiefs approve with one conſent,
And on th'important purpoſe are intent.

Ere

Ere night's approach the willing troops embark,
And down the tide are floated in the dark;
At length the deſtin'd ſpot ſome haply reach,
And by degrees aſcend the ſlimy beach;
The ſtrait defile admits but two a-breaſt,
Who march intrepid, tho' by foes oppreſt;
The ſculking Indians from each buſh annoy,
And daſtardly the brave full oft deſtroy.
Some forc'd by ſtrength of the impetuous tide,
From the appointed mark are driven wide,
Where craggy cliffs their lofty heads uprear,
And ſafely barr'd from all acceſs appear;
But, fir'd with ardor, they the rocks aſſail,
And by unmatch'd agility prevail!
From cragg to cragg, from ſhrub to ſhrub they climb,
And, lab'ring hard, aſcend the ſteep ſublime;
On Abraham's heights their brave companions meet,
The hoſtile guard combining to defeat;
This done —— the few victorious troops remain,
Till their impatient comrades reach the plain.

Ere

Ere this, Aurora riſen from her bed,
Her light-diffuſing ſmiles o'er nature ſpread;
When thro' the dawn the Britiſh chiefs deſcry
In air the Gallic enſigns waving high;
O'er Charles's ſtream already haſtes the rear,
The front in dread array advancing near;
The numerous hoſts, with Montcalm at their head,
Far o'er the ſpacious plain are thickly ſpread;
The Britiſh leaders form their lines with ſpeed,
And t'ward the foe the little phalanx lead.
See in the front the valiant Wolf advance,
And dauntleſs haſte to meet the force of France;
Here ſhow'rs of whizzing balls the hero miſs'd,
But one more envious ſmote him on the wriſt;
His ſtricken arm within his ſaſh he bound,
Then marches on regardleſs of the wound!
The adverſe hoſts approach, they fierce engage,
Confuſion, death, and horror widely rage;
Terreſtrial light'nings blaze, loud thunders roar,
With pitchy clouds the plain is ſhadow'd o'er;
Great Wolf aſſails the foe with matchleſs ſway,
Deſtruction, blood, and ſlaughter mark his way;

Around his helmet ſhines a radiance bright,
Paſſing thro' clouds opaque (to mortal ſight)
Swifter than fiery meteors in the night!
Raging he deals around promiſcuous death,
And loads the ſoil with trunks bereft of breath:
The troops his great example cloſe purſue,
And bravely the oppoſing foe ſubdue;
When, lo! a vengeful ſhot the chief receives,
Which to his wounded body torture gives:
With ire incens'd he ruſhes on the foe,
And ſome brave hero falls at ev'ry blow;
Increaſing pain his vengeful rage excites,
And with redoubled fury fir'd he fights;
Reſiſtleſs bears down all who raſh oppoſe,
And hews his way o'er heaps of ſlaughter'd foes;
His wrathful ſword diſpenſes death around,
And gluts with hoſtile blood the thirſty ground!
Thus 'midſt the denſe Numidian hoſts is ſeen
The elephant, pierc'd with an arrow keen;
Incens'd with pain, with mad'ning fury burns,
And ruſhing on the foe, whole troops o'erturns;

On

On ev'ry ſide the lifeleſs corps are caſt,
And blood, and carnage, fill the track he paſs'd.

Anon, a fatal ball invades his breaſt,
And down the hapleſs hero ſinks diſtreſs'd;
His faithful comrades haſte to his relief,
And mourn his fall with undiſſembled grief:
Their friendly arms the drooping chief ſuſtain,
While yet the gleams of fleeting life remain!—

Now death, Montcalm his noble foe invades,
His gallant ſoul untimely ſeeks the ſhades.
As chief, behold! brave Monckton next appear,
Oppos'd to Jordeneau, his bold compeer;
With courage equal, they their troops inſpire,
Till both ſore-wounded from the field retire.
When, lo! brave Townſend, iſſuing from afar,
Haſtes to the van, renews the doubtful war;
Collects from ev'ry part the ſcatter'd force,
And adverſe bands in vain reſiſt his courſe!
And now in ev'ry part the Gauls recede,
For fate to Britain has the day decreed;

" They

" They run! they run!" the victors loud exclaim,
The ſound relumines Wolf's expiring flame:
He rears his head, and opes his ſwimming eyes,
And aſks with fault'ring tongue, and wild ſurprize,
" Who runs?" his anxious friends declare, the foe,
And vanquiſh'd Gallia's captive ſtandards ſhow;
T'ward heaven he pious lifts his languid eyes,
And with faint voice in broken accents cries,
" I thank thee,—God! ſince this—I live—to hear,
" And—die—content!" his ſoul expands in air;
Then ſtraight to bleſſed Seraphs' care is giv'n,
And is on roſy pinions borne to heav'n!
Like Moſes doom'd to ſee, but not poſſeſs,
The promis'd land, and Iſrael's happineſs.
To gain a mortal mural crown he graſp'd,
But fail'd; yet one of heav'nly glory claſp'd.
Achilles like, he rang'd th'embattled plain,
Like him before the deſtin'd walls was ſlain;
Like him is doom'd to ſee, alas! no more,
His aged parents' face, or native ſhore;
No more with joy his much lov'd friends behold,
Nor e'er with bliſs his dear eſpous'd enfold.

Ah!

Ah! wretched maid! for ever doom'd to mourn,
For he to thy embrace ſhall ne'er return!
But oh! my muſe, from woe avert thine eye,
And teach me to purſue the victory!

The troops of France to nobler courage yield,
And Britain's ſons triumphant keep the field.
Townſend, on whom the chief command devolves,
With vigour to attack the town reſolves;
To ev'ry part extends his prudent cares,
And for the general aſſault prepares.
The governor beholds th'impending fate,
And timely offers to capitulate;
A truce concluded, articles agreed,
The Britiſh heroes to the town ſucceed:
Where late on high the ſilver lillies flew,
Behold the golden lyons riſe to view!
And widely to the wond'ring world proclaim,
Their country's proweſs, and extended fame!—

Nor here, my muſe, ungrateful fail to pay
To Townſend's worth the tributary lay!

Whoſe ſoul enflam'd with patriotic love,
Spontaneous flew war's doubtful fate to prove;
Forewent the downy lap of eaſe for toil,
And home forſook, to tempt a ſavage ſoil;
Surpaſſing thus Alcides in renown,
Who, ere his choice, chaſte pleaſures ne'er had known;
Nor what from conjugal embrace to part,
Nor felt the throws which rend the tender parents' heart.
But ceaſe, my muſe! his praiſes to rehearſe,
For ah! the theme demands the mournful verſe;
To hapleſs heroes pay the fun'ral rites,
Whoſe fate the ſympathetic tear excites.

In ſolemn ſtate and martial pomp appear
Two noble foes, extended on one bier;
While weeping warriors on the bier attend,
And mourn with mingled grief the foe and friend!
Thro' vaulted roofs proceed with doleful ſound,
From vaulted roofs the doleful ſtrains rebound;
With ſacred rites and pray'rs aſcending heav'n,
To kindred earth the adverſe chiefs are giv'n;

One

One narrow grave, alas! can now contain
Two foes, whom late no limits could reſtrain!
Heroes, whom tho' congenial ſouls inſpir'd,
By chance made foes, fierce enmity had fir'd;
Now ſide by ſide they lie, depriv'd of breath,
And enmity is reconcil'd by death!
Their fate tho' equal, yet not ſo their fame,
For happier Wolf demands the victor's name,
Montcalm the vanquiſh'd, yet are here the ſame!
The haughty tyrant, and the abject ſlave,
The daſtard coward, and the hero brave,
Know no diſtinction in the ſilent grave!
Yet ſhall both heroes claim the world's applauſe,
For each fell nobly in his country's cauſe!
The rites perform'd, Melpomene recede!
Come, Clio! joyful pay the victor's meed.

Bid fame aloud her brazen trumpet ſound,
Let rumor ſtill with added tongues abound;
Let all the elements combin'd rejoice,
Let eccho anſwer with redoubled voice,

And

And in exalted numbers ever tell,
By whom Quebec's amazing bulwark fell!
On adamantine tablets grave his name,
Henceforth let WOLF and GLORY mean the fame;
And when ſucceeding ages ſeek to know,
How far true valour's force can really go,
Then from the page, by faithful fame enroll'd,
Quebec's amazing ſtory ſhall be told;
Whilſt they aſtoniſh'd ſhall the tale receive,
And ſcarcely will the wond'rous truth believe!

Whene'er we Veij's long defence review,
Or famous Troy's protracted ſiege purſue,
Where Greek or Roman valour juſtly ſhines,
How much the ſplendor of their fame declines,
When we the feats of Britiſh troops declare,
And Troy or Veij to Quebec compare?
Whoſe ſtrength the former two by far excell'd,
Yet one ſhort ſummer's ſpace ſubdu'd beheld!
Thus Luna with reſplendent luſtre ſhines,
While on fair Thetis' boſom Sol reclines;

But

But when he riſes with refulgent blaze,
How faintly gleam her far unequal rays!
Abaſh'd, to his tranſcending light gives place,
And veils in duſky clouds her conſcious face!—

Nor yet defective ſhall my faithful muſe,
To pay the tribute due to Pitt, refuſe;
But will exulting thro' the world proclaim,
How dear Britannia holds that much-lov'd name.
'Twas he, who ſnatch'd her from the jaws of death,
Whoſe wond'rous ſkill repreſs'd her parting breath;
Whoſe foſt'ring care reviv'd her drooping heart,
And healthful balm diffus'd thro' ev'ry part;
Her arm rebrac'd, reſtor'd her long loſt ſpear,
And taught the diſtant nations how to fear!
His deeds enroll'd with radiance bright ſhall ſhine,
And ſwell the glories of the Brunſwic line!

Great Janus now appears with face benign,
For cruel war proclaiming peace divine.
With peace Aſtræa ſhall reſume her reign,
And ſcience her loſt leiſure ſhall regain;

Commerce again ſhall ſpread her long-furl'd ſail,
And fraught with plenty haſte to Thames' fair vale.
The Muſe once more ſhall ſoar on lofty wing,
And Wolf, and Britiſh valour, grateful ſing:
Shall on the fav'rite theme her ſong employ,
Till time this earthly fabric ſhall deſtroy!

With lawrels crown'd ſoon may the heroes come,
And taſte the ſweets of ſigh'd-for peace at home;
Be bleſs'd with honors, plenty, peace, and love,
And late aſcend the bliſsful realms above!

FINIS.